Smith

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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The Principles of Nature.

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

There are few, if any, Atheists, in the proper signification of that term, in the world. Almost all persons acknowledge the existence of a God of *some* kind—a supreme Ordainer and Ruler of all things. This is the connate and inherent belief of our race. It springs up involuntarily, and ever fresh and green in the human heart. The occasional blights of materialistic philosophies are sometimes on this spontaneous faith, and some chance schools and sects betimes managed to put in abeyance or suppress this natural belief in God, but the momentum of the race's instinct of worship sooner or later overwhelms the exotic and unnatural growth, and vindicates its own inherent supremacy. No *general* question has ever been made of the abstract fact of God's existence. It is the world's history and humanity's faith. It is a normal spiritual *want*, and it has a normal spiritual *supply* exactly adapted to and commensurate with it. If you tell me there is no God for me to love, worship, and adore, I point you to the instinctive want of man, and confidently reply that that want, in the beautiful economy of things, is abundantly provided for; and I refer you, moreover, to the past history of this want and its supply. In denying God, you not only stand opposed to your own inner spiritual craving, but array yourself against a fundamental spiritual instinct of the human race, the outgrowth of which, variously exhibited to be sure, according to the states and kinds of development of the human family, yet nevertheless cover all the fields of the past. We all instinctively thirst for a God, as we thirst for immortality, and neither of those wants can ever, by any systems of atheistic or materialistic philosophy, be crushed out of our souls. The "vital spark of heavenly flame" will never quit the immortal frame; and no matter how much it is suffocated by the chilly darkness of surrounding ignorance and error, reflecting its rays in all monstrous forms, yet it will still internally glow with an everlasting light! We must not lose sight of the "sacred scriptures" indelibly written on the tablets of our souls. We must not disregard the Bible of the heart—the true word of God to man—but study daily its revelations and prophecies, and diligently seek a life according to its requirements. The heart is the great central source of the instinctive nature of man, and its true and unperverted affections his holiest gospel. When those affections are misdirected or suppressed by the force of erring external rule, by false philosophies, unnatural creeds, and spurious systems of morality, his life is always laden with many agonies and woes. A life of harmony and righteousness requires that the heart should be ever left free to expand with its native emotions, to express and satisfy all its inherent wants, and to perpetually flower forth its exuberant loves in the genial sunshine of social accord. To deny its claims by stifling their voice or mocking at them—to give it stones when it asks for bread—is a wrong that entails misery upon the human family. It is the crucifixion of the native instincts and affections, by false creeds and moralities, that now and has heretofore filled the world with so much anguish and sorrow. The head and the heart must act in unison—must be *as one*—before the harmonic man appears upon the earth. There must be a perfect concert and coöperation between them, and his sentimental and rational natures conjoined in a true conjugial relation, and maintain their reciprocal fidelity, before the man is at peace with himself, with nature, and with God. There is, paradoxical as it may seem, a *marriage relation* between them, founded in their very constitutions; and so long as the one is faithless to the other, so long there will be bickerings, rending agonies, and manifold strife between them. While they preserve the integrity of their marriage relation each to the other, they constitute a true and harmonic man (*homo*), be the subject of them male (*vir*) or female (*mulier*). The intellectual represents the male principle, and the affectional represents the female principle; and when they are put in antagonism, then "the house is divided against itself and can not stand"—discord and inharmony inevitably ensue, and neither the instincts of immortality nor of Deity are suffered to assert themselves and grow to a healthy maturity. Right reason will always affirm the native affections of the heart, and the native affections of the heart will always affirm right reason. We can not, by any stretch of our reason, argue away the spontaneous emotions of our hearts. They rise in our bosoms despite all our intellectual efforts to suppress and extinguish them. They must and will be heard and felt, and to coerce them by the *antagonist* rule of intellect only misdirects their flow, and begets deformity, barbarity, and profanation. On the other hand, the intellect—in its cognizances and deductions when it consults not those native instincts of the heart—is not warmed and vitalized by them, and does not acknowledge and affirm them, is an *ignis fatuus*, a misleader and betrayer of the true and harmonic life of man. The most exalted reason is a dead letter, a *corpse*, without the inspiring affections of the heart. Without them the reason grows cross and cold, but with them it is redolent with health, and youth, and beauty. Look to the past, and behold how the intellectualizers of the age just gone, divorcing the reason and the affections, ran themselves into the greatest errors, and most absurd, cruel, and inhuman systems of belief. For instance, the instinct of immortality—of a continued life beyond the tomb, in an immanent spiritual world—is the inherent faith of the race; but they who disregarded this instinct, and ratiocinated *alone* on the subject, inevitably concluded against it. Yet, notwithstanding all those cold, skeptical philosophies of death immortal, I can not help thinking that the most subtile of their adherents still cherished a *secret* faith in their immortality. The instincts of the common people on all those great questions of their destiny, never being trammeled by spurious and exotic argumentation, always believe it. The *ex parte* logician and philosopher stigmatizes them as "popular errors;" but when we trace back those popular errors of the simple to their source, we find them always founded upon an abstract truth. So with their instinct of Deity. It was never overruled by an arbitrary and *hostile* reason, and they accordingly always believed in God. But the atheistic schools, turning a deaf ear to the voice of Deity calling out from their hearts, and relying *alone* on "Reason" as their oracle, negated this greatest of all questions. There is an *accord* between the head and the heart on this great problem of Deity, as on all other questions of our life and destiny. To reconcile them on this subject, to find this accord, and to discover the God that the developed reason and affections of man would both fully accept, has been my purpose in the two papers I have already written. The question is not so much whether there *is* a God, as *who* he is. I have essayed to throw some light on this question by offering some suggestions (with what success I am unable to say), believing that when both the reason and the heart are fully developed and in harmony, they will together, as one man (*homo*), affirm the true God when presented. I foresee that in this age, when all things are going through the severest ordeal of intellectual analysis, and old systems and notions breaking up and passing away, unless the intellect consults the demands of the heart on this great question of the divine nature, Pantheism will be the orthodox theology. The learned and subtile, especially those of them who pursue the physical sciences, are now alone restrained from running into it by the conservative check of the popular sentiment and instinct of Deity; and so far as any practical, devotional, reverential, and worshipful *feeling* of the human race is concerned, Pantheism is substantially Atheism. It takes various forms, to be sure, but it is nevertheless practical Atheism. Thus, some of the rationalistic Spiritualists have unwittingly taught Pantheism by declaring God to be a "*principle*." But an abstract principle, or set of principles, however divine, is no God for the human heart to love and worship. The fact is, it is no God at all, but only a *principle*, like any other principle or law (gravitation, for instance), and no more divine. Others teach God to be an all-pervading, generally-diffused vital essence—an omni-prevalent divine life, entering into and animating all forms and beings, the center of the universe being its focal point. This, too, is bald-headed and hollow-hearted Pantheism—the ancient Soul-of-the-world-ism, and revolting to the worshiping instinct and the relying and adoring love of man in his uprightness. There is no practical, moral, and spiritual relations between *such* a God and me, so as to engage my affections and work upon my heart. My intellect was once brought to affirm such a Deity, but I now see that my heart was then in incessant protest against it, and an internal and wasting conflict was the result. Though the universe, spiritual and natural, is perpetually upheld and animated by the *inflowing life* of God, yet that influent life is not God, any more than my outflowing thoughts and love are me. Others, again, have taken up the idea that *Humanity* is the only and highest God we know. That cognizing the Deity (not affectionally, but intellectually, of course) only by his *manifestations*—knowing him only by his works, and the human race being his highest type and most perfect manifestation—that therefore the human family is the divinest thing we do or can know. That this, including all the lower manifestations, is all we know of God. That all the beautiful and lofty thoughts of man and his sweet affections are the God of the human soul. This is Humanitarianism, and only another form of Pantheism, and when analyzed closely, is found to be but another phase—the strongest phase—of Soul-of-the-world-ism. God is truly *more displayed* in the human race than in minerals, trees, and animals; but the human race is not *God*. If it was, each *member* of it would be a divinity. This notion deifies man, and surely I am not God—nor is Dr. Richmond. I, too, love the human race, but I do not love and adore it *as God*. He *dwells* in the human race, and dwells *more* in it than in any other form of existence, but he is surely not it. I might instance many more forms of Pantheism now obtaining, or fast becoming current in the world, but the above are sufficient at present for my purpose of showing that they are all begotten by the *intellect*, without convention with the heart; and that consequently, with so much wind and sail, without rudder and ballast, they must all sooner or later go to Davy Jones. Just as the mariner, sailing in one of those crazy crafts, when shipwrecked and cast upon the lone rock in the midst of the dark and fearful waste of waters, though he never heard of God, tosses up his arms in instinctive prayer to an Agency above the storm, so will all the adherents of those various forms of Pantheism, sooner or later, amid the wrecks of those systems consequent upon the freedom of their instincts and convention with their own hearts, raise their arms in love and adoration to the true God.

Now the heart demands a human God—a Being *with whom it can come into moral and spiritual relations*; a Being that it can *love*, and *worship*, and *adore*; a God that it can *see* (conceive) with the mental eye, and *commune* and be *conjoined* with as to its affections. Taking this for granted, as I take my love for my wife or children for granted (because I *feel* that love ever innermost in my heart), I *thence* argue, uniting my spiritual perceptions with my intellectual efforts, as to, and upon the subject of, the divine character, etc. The instinctive wants of my affectional nature, and what they inevitably suggest, I do not counteract nor deny. I feel that they *can not* be expunged from my soul, and I accordingly regard them as "fixed facts," believing that any creed or notion that contradicts or can not be reconciled with them is infidel, heretical, and illusory. Arguing thus, I arrive at the conclusions briefly stated in my former papers, viz.: That God, to be known and believed in at all, must be conceived—that is, seen by the eye of the human mind. That a God not thus conceived can not be *thought* of, can not be *loved*, can not be *feared* or *adored*—is, in fact, *no* God to us at all. That thus to be conceived he must have a distinctive form and character. That if we conceive him, we conceive him inevitably and irresistibly in the *human* form and character; and because by conceiving him in any other form and character we monsterize him—destroy our love for him, and bring him into no moral, spiritual, or human relations with ourselves—the human form and character being the only one in which we can *intellectually* know him and *spiritually* love him. That he is not identical with nature, though incessantly sustaining and upholding it. That he is not the soul of the universe, though it outflows from him. That he is not humanity, though human. That he is not the omni-prevalent life, though *all* life is from him; and that he is not a principle, although the concentrated embodiment of all principles. That God is man (*homo*), and when conceived by the mental eye, is in the ordinary archangelic human figure, and in the archangelic human character. That *our* conceiving him in this form and character does not *limit* him, and that our conception of him expands and exalts as our conceiving powers expand and exalt; yet he is ever before us in that form and character. That he is *discreted* from the highest or inmost spiritual sphere by a discrete degree, just as the spiritual world is discreted from the material world. That he is not the *geometric* center of the universe, but the *spiritual* center, which only *corresponds* to the geometric center. That the spiritual center is the *best* and *truest* being—the man (*homo*) of the *most* love and wisdom. That this center, only corresponding to the geometric center, does not fix or locate him as to *place*, but only as to *preëminence* or *quality*, any more than the President, being the central power of the federal government, is obliged to occupy the geometric center of the United States. That matter is the only ultimate of his divine love—the only substance; and motion the ultimate of his divine truth—the only omnipotence. That in outflowing into the universe with his divine love and wisdom perpetually, he does not impart *himself* to it, any more than I impart myself to you, in imparting my thoughts and love to you. That physical nature is God's thoughts and affections ultimated. That by this outflowing of the divine love and wisdom, intelligence and love, matter and motion are multiplied indefinitely in the universe, without detracting in any wise from the parent source. That God thus infills his universe with love and wisdom, incarnates them in matter and motion, and, being the spiritual center, and thence occupying by correspondence the geometric center, walks forth in his spiritual universe an organized, personal, intelligent, affectional, and perfect Divine Man.

I am aware that this is very unpopular theology; and I am also aware that the predominant intellectualization of the times, bearing down upon and overruling the affections and instinctive nature of man, has contributed to make it so. But it is consonant now with my best reason, and at the same time congenial with my heart. I see no other escape from a complete dissolution of the divine personality and character into an all-diffusive and loveless Pantheism. If any man has a better theology, let him propound it to the world for our consideration. It is time we had some more *distinct* and *accurate*, some more *definite* and *reliable*, notions of the divine nature than the vague, confused, doubtful, and contradictory ideas we now entertain of him. It is time that we should cease talking daily about God, without knowing *who* or *what* he is. The *term* has been made use of long enough to cover up our ignorance. Let us re-state our belief on this subject. I have given out my belief, and have aimed at some accuracy and definiteness of outline. I have spent many years of painful thought on this subject; and after being over much, if not all the ground occupied by theologians, I find no idea so rational and logically consistent, and none so in keeping with our instinct of Deity, as that *God is a Divine Man*.

I do not see that the difficulties suggested by Dr. Richmond need detain me now. They are *beside* the main question, collateral to the true point, *and do not at all inconsist with it*. I do not deny the dual nature or sexuality of the Deity, nor that the sexuality of the universe and all things in it flow from, and is the *correspondent* of, the essential male (*vir*) and female (*mulier*) principles of the Divine Being. It takes both a man (*vir*) and a woman (*mulier*, or *womb* man) to make a perfect man (*homo*). Where there is a complete adaptation and union of the two, a true conjugial love and conjunction, they are *spiritually and internally one person*, yet in their externalization or goings forth they are two, just as the head and the heart, the intellect and the affections, when perfectly conjoined, form *one person*, yet in their *manifestations* they are apparently distinct and separate. Thus Swedenborg saw the conjugial partners of the inmost or highest heaven—where this union more nearly approximates the divine marriage of Love (female) and Wisdom (male)—the two together forming one gloriously beautiful angel! It is a law of conjugial love to more nearly approximate and conjoin the male and female in the higher spheres, until there is a perfect union, and more and more to diverge and separate them as we pass to the undeveloped spheres below. All the doctor's over-confident talk on this branch of the subject therefore goes for nothing. Those who have any difficulty on this score will find them fully met and incontrovertibly answered in Swedenborg's "Conjugial Love." Permit me also, doctor, to refer *you*, for information on this and other subjects, to the writings of Swedenborg, with which you are evidently unacquainted, except by *fama clamosa*, or you would not have fallen into the great mistake of declaring my "definition of God to be the same as Swedenborg's—that of the *Grand Man*." Now the Grand Man is neither *Swedenborg's* definition of God, nor is it *mine*. Swedenborg says that the entire angelic heavens, with all their spheres and societies in all the universe, are in form and function a "Grand Man," and that that Grand Man is not God (who is a Divine Man, essentially human, and in the ordinary angelic stature—now claimed by *him* to be manifested externally in Jesus Christ), but *from* God, and only corresponding to him. And although Swedenborg does not say so in very terms, yet it follows as a necessary deduction from what he *does* say, and from his philosophy, that the whole material universe, with all its suns and systems, solar and stellar, is in form and function a Grand Material Man—the physical body of which the Grand Spiritual Man is the indwelling soul. To say that *this* "definition" is God, is much the most extensive Pantheism yet out! See what a mistake you have made, doctor!

PITTSBURG, *Feb.* 12, 1854.

* * *

SPIRITUALISM.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH:

I have for some time been thinking of writing an article for your columns respecting the progress of *Spiritualism* in this part of the country—having had a pretty good opportunity of testing its merits, my father and little sister, aged thirteen years, being mediums. It has been about one year and a half since the manifestations were first witnessed in this neighborhood, since which time I have striven to investigate the subject with candor and seriousness. After a careful examination, I have become convinced that they truly are of a spiritual origin.

We have, perhaps, had less of the table-moving operations here than have been seen in some other localities; although such exhibitions have frequently been witnessed. The manifestations here are mostly communicated through writing and speaking mediums. My sister is a very clear *seeing* medium. She often distinctly sees Spirits when awake and about her work or studies. Many times during the circle she can see the room filled with the Spirits of our departed friends. At such times her eyes become fixed, and sometimes she is unable to speak. At such times the Spirits use her as a medium for writing. She has also been influenced to play upon musical instruments—which she had never before attempted—with considerable success, though somewhat faulty as to *time*. One evening at a circle, several mediums being present and all in a trance state, it was communicated through one of them that we were requested to sing a particular hymn. There were lying on the table some half a dozen hymn books, no two being alike. One of the mediums present (but not the one through whom the request had been made) took up the hymn books one after another, his eyes being closed, selected the desired hymn from each, and passed them to different persons in the room. It was evident that no deception could have been used in the case. This was considered as a very convincing manifestation. I have also heard by Spirits, through mediums, most excellent *preaching*. One of the speakers purported to be John Wesley. I have heard mediums converse in German, French, Spanish, and Italian. I, myself, knew it to be French, having had some slight knowledge of that tongue myself. Not being learned, however, in the French language, I am unable to say whether it was spoken at all times correctly; but that it was French, I am positive. And I know, moreover, that the mediums were, of themselves, entirely ignorant of that language. I have heard some of them sing most beautiful hymns, when under Spirit-influence, connected with circumstances which enabled us to know that they could never have been previously composed by any person in the flesh. A little orphan boy, while in a trance state, said that his mother was going to sing him a song. She then commenced singing, through the medium, a hymn of the most exquisite beauty and sweetness, which, combined with the Æolian voice of the medium, seemed like a gush from the pure fount of inspiration. I can never forget that angel's song. It was to the effect that, although the world looked coldly on her little son, God would protect the friendless orphan. When the medium awoke, he said he only wished we could have heard the beautiful hymn his mother had just sung to him. He did not know that it had been chanted aloud through himself. Numerous other equally convincing tests might be given.

Spiritualism, however, has met with tremendous opposition in this place. The majority of the people absolutely refuse to investigate the subject. Some say it is "mesmerism," others aver that it is the devil. A learned clergyman here is very zealous in his opposition; says it is the work of the devil, and he can prove it by the Bible. When interrogated as to whether he had properly investigated the subject, *he confessed that he had never witnessed any of the manifestations*. Others, who five years agone would not believe that there was any thing in *mesmerism*, are now willing to borrow the phrase, "Oh! it is nothing but mesmerism." It is evident they wish to avoid the subject. Some of them fear, doubtless, that Spiritualism is indeed true. It is not often pretended here, that the medium "makes it all." Many of the most strenuous opposers can not deny that the media have told many things of which they, of themselves, could have known nothing.

It is, however, to be regretted that such a plurality of doctrines are taught by Spirits in different sections of the country. There seems to be a constant clashing of the doctrines they teach, particularly in regard to the final elevation of all men to happiness. And I can perceive in some of the writers of the TELEGRAPH a decided preference for the doctrine of the progression of every Spirit to perfection. Now that there is no such place as a "hell of hopeless, unmitigated misery," I can not, by the communications I have received from truthful Spirits, feel justified in believing. Still I am open to conviction—am ever ready and anxious to investigate. Happy at all times to exchange error for truth, I would be glad, if in the wrong, to be convinced. All the mediums I have seen concur in declaring the certainty of the utter wretchedness of all such as have lived wickedly in this life. They all tell of the intense agony and despair of those who led a life of sin and open rebellion against all good. There are many, very many turbulent, blasphemous Spirits, whose chief aim seems to be to work mischief. Some of them seem to take delight in their licentious witticisms, vulgarity, and drollery. Such Spirits are always very willing to manifest themselves whenever they can. But we always strive to avoid them. But to say that *they are all* wicked who communicate would be an absurdity. "How can Satan cast out Satan?" If Satan tells us to love God, love mercy, deal justly, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, in short, to imitate Christ as nearly as possible in all our actions, then surely he has *reformed*, and has already very far advanced in the direction of his restoration to Paradise. So, then, the clergyman must have indorsed the doctrine of the restorationist, else he will have demolished his own argument by his overheated zeal; for did he but peruse his Bible as he ought, he would have learned ere this that messages of love and good-will to man have never emanated from Satan. Away with such errors and absurdities. Such people remind me of a sect who flourished in the time of our Saviour, who accused him of casting "out devils through Beelzebub, prince of the devils." Surely we have multitudes of Pharisees now-a-days. I am strongly reminded of the second *Beast, which had "horns like unto a lamb, and spoke as a dragon*," as described in the vision of the beloved disciple upon the isle of Patmos. I verily believe that many of the teachers of the present day, had they lived at the time of the advent, would have been loud in their vociferations of "Away with him! Crucify him! crucify him!" I thank God I am willing to investigate *any* subject; "to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good."

Still I can not believe that all mankind will ultimately be saved. I believe that those who die wickedly will be *eternally* "banished from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power." I believe that wicked Spirits will have no desire to progress. And it is my belief that a majority of Spiritualists believe in this respect as I do. Now, I think you ought to give publicity through your columns equally to all classes of evidence. Yes, let us hear from all the believers in Spiritualism upon this point, so that we may arrive at the truth at last. Truth is what the Spiritualist should seek after. Because we have heretofore been Methodists, Baptists, Restorationists, or Presbyterians, we should not still wish to persevere in our own individual and previously conceived notions of a future state. Certainly not. *Fiendish Spirits* have been seen, with hideous aspect, to make their appearance in the midst of an interesting circle, sometimes causing the mediums to shriek aloud in terror. Let us, then, as Spiritualists, seek to investigate the *truth*, and if that condemns the doctrine we had previously believed to be right, then let us cast our errors to the winds, and with all our might strive to rear her glorious temples in the earth. Let us one and all strive to do our duty to God and humanity as Christ has exhorted us, and then when we come to lie down in the dust, our resurrected Spirits will wing their flight heavenward, refined and perfected, to be welcomed to a participation in the glories of the Spirit-world, and with full fruition of its immortal joys. Thus will I believe. So will *I endeavor to live.* To God be all the glory.

Now, *gentlemen, I* have troubled you with an in nowise lengthy communication, and respectfully solicit the publication of the same. AUGUSTINE S. WORTHING.

OSWEGO, KENDALL CO., ILLINOIS, *Feb.* 17, 1854.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN HEAVEN.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

The following Poem was obtained in a manner similar to the little song entitled, "Music o'er the waters gliding," received while on the Alabama River, and from the same source. It was given me to perceive that the music flowed from a choir of celestial women pervaded by the affection of conjugal love.

Music o'er the waters gliding
From Love's golden islé'd sea,
Thou art come once more to me.
Loved Ones, in the skies abiding,
Sing another melody.

Of the Beautiful in Heaven
Wouldst thou hear? Wouldst thou know?
Hark! 'tis to thy spirit given,
Given, given!
Hear celestial music flow.—
They are where the lilies blow
In Heaven's golden morning-glow,
And sweet roses all the year
In their bridal bloom appear,
Flowering through Love's endless year.—
Listen, Dear.

Of the Beautiful in Heaven
Wouldst thou sing to souls below?
To our blended voices listen.
Are we blessed? Listen, listen, even so,
Where the red love-lilies blow,
In Heaven's crystal summer-glow,
All the joy-encircled year,
We in bridal bloom appear
All the endless marriage year.
Listen, Dear.

Of the Beautiful in Heaven
Wouldst thou seek, their joy to know,
Bearing it to bosoms riven,
Riven, riven!—
Tell the fond, true hearts below,
"Where the white love-lilies blow,
In heaven's golden morning-glow,
Hearts of Love, to Angels near,
Crowned with roses shall appear,
Blooming through Heaven's bridal year.—
Listen, Dear."

So, amid the *Southern roses,*
To this *haunted breast of mine,*
That in heavenly love reposes,
Came sweet music from the clime
Of the Beautiful in Heaven;
And I heard the melody
Sung by Angels, and 'twas given
From their golden islé'd sea.

NEW ORLEANS, *Feb.* 8, 1854.

A DREAM OF EXILE.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Out from our Paradise we passed,
My weeping love and I;
Dark fell the night, chill swept the blast,
No light was in the sky,
But on before an Angel vast
Swept grand and mightily.

Like a vast organ, all the air
Throbbed through the darkness lone;
The silent stars were tranced in prayer,
But earth could only moan,
Her rains were icy with despair,
Her soul forsook its throne.

Now fell the red, electric showers;
We saw that spirit flame
Consume lost Eden's groves and bowers;
Its vast interior fane,
With diamond walls and amber towers,
Exhaled to heaven again.

Tranced in that fearful dream we spent
The waste and solemn night.
At morn the mental spell was rent—
We woke in drear afright;
The flames their arrowy shafts had spent,
And,—Eden fled from sight;

But in its place a quiet glade
Where tender grass upgrew:
The sky, where angel lights had played,
Bent cold and calm and blue;
Shuddering and faint at heart we strayed
The haunted valley through;

Till weary and forlorn we came
To where we first were wed;
And then I said, "Thou dost remain,
Sweet Eve,—all else is fled—
Thou lovest on, in love the same,
And I am comforted."

ALABAMA RIVER, *Jan.* 9, 1854.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Persons who send communications intended for the press should, if they desire to preserve them, invariably retain a copy, so as to preclude the necessity for our returning them in case they are not published. Among the mass of rejected papers they are extremely liable to be lost, and we can not be responsible for the safe keeping of communications which, in our judgment, are of no value.

UNION OF LABOR AND CAPITAL.

One of the most fruitful sources of discord and difficulty throughout our industrial circles has been the almost utter want of harmonious relations between capital and labor. Capital has been selfish, exacting, and unjust, claiming, like Shylock in the play, the uttermost literal farthing in the bond; and labor has worked with a sullen, dissatisfied, and grudging spirit. It has just lived up to the legal bond, and no more. It is easy to see that the largest profit can never be gained by either side in this way, and that while capital can not hope for any sympathy or effort not compelled by the necessities and bond of the laborer, the latter has nothing to hope from or resort to, save the temporary and always bad remedy, "strikes," to improve or change his condition. The only relation heretofore, and now generally existing, between capital and labor, is the relation of absolute necessity, soulless and hateful, and involving a perpetual hostility of classes. Can not this hostility be done away and a more harmonious era introduced? It is no idle nor petty question, but one of the most vital that concerns this community, and every community.

We believe harmony can be introduced between capital and labor, and that while ampler justice shall be done to labor, capital will reap a better and more certain reward. To better harmonize capital and labor, the latter, we take it, must be allowed a rank more nearly relative to the former, as a part producer of what are called product and profit. Labor, in fact, should rank first; for while capital may fail to command labor, labor can dig the ores, and smelt them, and make capital—that is, money. We ask that labor shall be counted fairly as a share of the general stock of means of production, of which capital is a part, with manual labor, brains, and thought-work. Why should all the profit, above the bare living of the laborer, be given to one man, or half a dozen men, who furnish a certain amount of money capital, when the score, or fifty, or five hundred workers are really the most important part of the industrial enterprise.

This is all wrong. What we want in place of this is an acknowledgment of the *right* of the laborer to an interest in the profits of whatever enterprise his labor helps to consummate, that interest to be gaged by his share of contribution to the *general means of product.* We will not pretend to say precisely what relation labor shall bear to money, but we do contend that as each is essential to the other, and equally dependent, each should be entitled to an interest in the profit equal to its share in creating it. Once establish this relation, and work will not be slightingly and grudgingly done. Every laborer will feel that upon his well-doing depends whether he shall profit more or less; and though no overseer watches over him, he will work more diligently, and do better work, than under any grab system of wages. Interest in the profits of an enterprise will also inspire the pride and ambition of the working man; he will *feel* a pride in having the work credited to his labor and skill, and be ambitious to excel in production. Such a *relation* as this between capital and labor *would at once place productive enterprise on the highest and most permanent basis.* The necessity for overseers and middlemen would no longer exist. Eye-service would be done away, and every man would have his spur to faithful labor in his profit-interest in the product thereof.

There would be good feeling and fellowship between the employer and the employed, and manhood would be enlarged, dignified, and uplifted by this equality in the labor field. We know that with many the pocket alone must be argued with; but we can tell such that when a few in the several great industrial pursuits enter upon the mutual interest system, those few will, naturally, command the best workmen, and turn out the best work, and will force their more selfish competitors to adopt the system or shut up shop. We have heard it urged that, after a little time, laborers would not be satisfied with a subordinate interest, but would strike for more and more, until capital could not keep the field. Not so; labor will not strike capital down, unless it sees that it can get along without it; and when labor has come to that point, let it, we say, be its own capital. Why should it be tied to an outside purse or pocket, if it have purse or pocket enough of its own? The striking, after a mutual interest system is fairly established between capital and labor, will not be on the part of laborers, but among capitalists. Rival factories will bid against each other for the best labor, and in this way the rate of divisory interest will be run up.

For the temporal salvation of the working masses, we must have this mutual interest system. There can be no peace or harmony short of this.

We must also insist upon laws of general interest and of equal application. Law-making has degenerated into a trade, by which fortunes are made. Laws are bought and sold, bartered, and gambled for, until humanity is made an outlaw, and men are cajoled into pliant instruments for their own oppression.

The popular idea is, that the laboring men and women need no laws but to restrain them and limit the price of their labor. A fair specimen of law-making in our country has recently occurred in our city, and reads as follows:

The Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonality of the city of New York, in Common Council convened, do ordain that the price for carting

Brick, per load, shall be	40 cts.
Timber and lumber, per load,	35 "
Beef, pork, and flour	33 "
Coal, per ton,	50 "
Oil Cloth, from	33 to 65 "
Cotton Cloth	33 "

Did any person ever hear of a law limiting the price of houses or rents?

Have we any laws limiting the price of beef, pork, flour, cotton cloth, or any other necessary of life? If this law is founded upon principle, why not carry it out? Why not limit the price of houses and rents as well as the carting of the materials of which houses are built? Why limit the cartage of beef, pork, flour, cotton cloth, etc., and leave merchants and speculators in these necessaries of life to extort from the poor, who are famishing with cold and hunger?

Laborers, there is no hope of elevation to your true position but by first insisting, not only upon fair weekly wages, but an interest and share of the profits of every enterprise, trade, and manufacture to which you contribute services.

Secondly, demand that all laws shall be based upon principles, and of universal application.

We have been led to these remarks by the following, which appeared in the *Tribune* of the 22d of February:

UNION OF CAPITAL AND LABOR.

A novel and interesting entertainment came off last Monday evening, at the residence of Mr. Charles Partridge, No. 26 West Fifteenth Street, in this city. Mr. P. is one of the oldest and most successful manufacturers of friction matches in this country. His manufactory is on the rear of lots on Thirty-sixth Street, near Seventh Avenue; the building is of stone, 125 feet by 32, and four stories high. He employs here and elsewhere nearly 300 men, women, and children, about one half of whom, by his invitation, visited him on this occasion, many of them Germans. The time was occupied in conversation, songs, and speaking by the company. Mr. Partridge remarked in substance as follows:

"Business enterprises are undertaken and carried on for the profit which they are expected to yield, and, to insure the largest profits, the necessary labor must be performed at the lowest possible cost. Success in the long run very much depends on the quality as well as the amount of labor actually performed. Therefore every enterprise which aims at money-making must combine excellence and cheapness in the article offered to the public. The usual modes of business, as illustrated in trades and manufactories, is inconsistent with these essential principles, inasmuch as those who perform the work have no interest in the results. The interest the laborer has in his employer's business relates only to his employer's ability to pay, and ends with the receipt of his daily or weekly stipend. While capital, or the employer, is seeking to get the most work done for the least money, the employed studies to make an appearance of work, without doing any thing. The legitimate consequence is, the employer places over his laborers a person whose duty it is to *make* them work, and whom they are pretty sure to drink or buy blind to their delinquencies. Thus ends, and always will end, all attempts to make men feel an interest when and where they have none. Unity of interest alone can produce and preserve harmony between capital and labor; and I propose to bring this about in the following manner, viz.: Let capital, or the employer, continue to pay the same prices for labor that they now do, or may hereafter, under any advance in the cost of living, and, in addition to this, divide a liberal per centage of the net profits of the business among the operatives, annually, in the ratio of services each has rendered."

A year ago, Mr. P. invited his work-people to his house for social entertainment, and presented to them the plan upon which his business would be carried on in future, the main features of which was to divide ten per cent. of the profits coming to him under the arrangement among the laborers in his factory, in the ratio of services rendered.

"This arrangement," said he, "does not under any circumstances involve you in loss. If there be a loss, it is mine; if there is a profit coming to me, ten per cent. I give to you. We have so much law in such cases made and provided, that it becomes a difficult thing to state my proposition in such terms as will not involve all the parties interested in the profits in the losses also, in case of adverse circumstances; but I will save you harmless by making your proportion of the profits that have or may hereafter accrue, as a gift. We have made and sold during the year ending 31st Dec, 1853, 84,286 gross of matches, containing 144 boxes each, amounting to 12,137,184 boxes, at an average of 65 matches each box, giving 788,916,960 as the aggregate number of matches, which amounts to 2,629,723 daily, making 262,972 per hour, 4,382 per minute, and 73 per second. The world is our market; our matches are found in the various cities and towns in the United States and Canadas, the West India Islands, Mexico, Central and South America, both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, Sandwich Islands, California, Oregon, Australia, various ports in the Mediterranean Sea, and in the Chinese Empire. The profits accruing to you under the before-mentioned arrangement amount to $455 02, which I now propose to pay over to you who have worked in my factory—102 in number (which does not embrace one half the number of persons employed in my manufactory, but I do not propose to extend it at present to those who work outside). I divide the money among you in the ratio of services each has rendered to the whole amount of work done, which is arrived at by most of you working by the piece and others by the week, and taking as the standard the gross amount of the weekly payments to each during the year. Thus, you perceive, the more diligent you are, the more money you get weekly; and the more saving you are, the greater will be your dividend at the closing up of the business of the year. Now as to the influence I would have this arrangement exert over you: I desire to make you feel that the business is *your own* to the extent to which you are interested, and hence to feel that our interests are identical; that it is your interest as well as mine to make the best matches at the least cost; and that it jeopardizes your interest to have a gross of inferior matches made or sold, and that you can not afford to let any thing go to waste. Therefore I expect you to be more vigilant as to the economy and the quality of the work. The demand for our manufacture is constantly increasing, and with our united efforts and vigilance as to quality, we expect the quantity will reach 100,000 gross the ensuing year, and the dividends to you, we trust, will be larger than the present year. And now let me say this money is for you who work, and I insist that you have it for your own benefit; and to those who are under your parents, masters, or guardians, I suggest that you leave the money in my hands, to deposit to your names in some savings bank, where it will be safe, and accumulating interest; and I hope you will let it there remain as a sacred deposit for you and your children against the time of pressing necessity, which, I pray God, may be averted from you all."

After the money distribution, the company were treated to a luxurious repast, comprising all the delicacies usual at parties. Mr. Partridge gave a similar banquet to his employés a year ago.

The *Tribune* omits a report of other interesting speeches and remarks made on the occasion. Dr. Hallock, who was present, in response to a general invitation to speak, extended by Mr. Partridge, said:

"I did not come here, this evening, to make a speech; but I am glad to have the opportunity of expressing the gratification I feel in meeting you here, strangers as you are. I want to tell you a few of the reasons why I feel so much gratified on this occasion.

"This subject of the inequality of the conditions of different portions of society is one which has perplexed *me* in common with other men; and I have never, till lately, been able to see any method by which the existing inequalities prevalent in society could be obviated. The fact of the existence of this inequality—the great fact that the industrious workers have always been trundling wheelbarrows for bread, while comparative idlers have reaped the profits of labor—has always been before me and pressed upon my mind. This truth indicates that there is something wrong in the condition of society. It is a fact which stares every thoughtful man in the face; but the difficulty has been to obtain a method by which an equilibrium can be secured. If capital should make a division of its own surplus to-day, it would only afford a temporary panacea for the evil; and the same inequality that now exists would present itself again to-morrow. That panacea has not received much acquiescence from me. Some men, who have thought on this subject, have in all sincerity presented another plan for the remedy of this evil, which is, that you should form yourselves into organizations, and get outside of the world, where you can live out the principles of equality, and constitute a force inducing others to do likewise. It appears to me that that scheme can not operate beneficially to any great extent. Society is sick, and, like any other patient, it wants help just where it is. It can't go into the country to be cured—it must be able to get off its sick bed before it can get there. However valuable a remedy may be, if one of its conditions is that the patient must remove to some distant locality to be cured by it, of what use is it if he is unable to go? The patient wants something that can be applied immediately, and where he is. We want something that will take hold of the evils of society *now.* After having pondered a long time on this subject, I heard of this plan adopted by my friend Partridge—the plan by which he makes those who aid him in business sharers in the profits accruing to him. I told friend Partridge I had considered it as presenting to my mind a practical means by which this inequality might be obviated. It seems to me like the beginning of a most glorious end. Now the satisfaction I feel is not confined to the amount which any of you may have received—'tis not confined to your success, or to the success of Mr. Partridge. I see in it the dawn of a new dispensation. I see that this practice, thus set on foot by my friend Partridge—and I thank God, who put the idea into his heart—I see in it a plan that must be copied. It will not die with him. The very success which it has brought to him and to you must secure its spread, and cause it to be copied by other proprietors and other workmen. Its effective force are the two most powerful incentives to action; the *one,* that divine benevolence which implanted in my friend's heart the desire to do good to his fellow-beings. The divine love which must melt all selfishness, and that love which took this peculiar form in the heart of Mr. Partridge is as exhaustless as its eternal fountain! We also have in it the money-making element; because inasmuch as this plan is favorable to the interests of workmen, good ones will be attracted to those who adopt it; and thus the success of the employés is effected. So those who would not be impelled to adopt it by the first and higher motive, will be by the lower one. And this approximation of labor and capital will ultimate in a true union between them. They will be brought together—*married,* as they should be—and God himself will be the great High Priest of that union thus consummated, and their progeny will be blessings innumerable and without end."

Dr. H. Senff, an eminent German physician, of this city, being present, kindly volunteered to translate into German the substance of the above speeches, for the benefit of those German operatives who could not readily understand English, and made other appropriate remarks.

Several other gentlemen were present, who take a lively interest in all endeavors to elevate laborers to their true position and dignity.

Although Mr. Partridge is connected with this paper, we trust no one will charge him with egotism if we venture to add a few facts of interest connected with this sociable and his business.

We observed that Mr. Partridge paid out the dividend in gold and silver, and, upon inquiries, we learned that ever since he had been in business he had repudiated the general custom of buying the cheapest money in Wall Street to pay off workmen, instead of which he has been in the habit of selling his uncurrent money, and buying gold and silver, at whatever premium, to pay to his operatives. This he has done weekly.

After Mr. P. had paid over the dividends to his work-people, several of them handed the amount back, and requested him to deposit the same to their credit on interest, which has been done.

Since the above record in the *Tribune,* Mr. P. has received several letters of congratulation from persons sympathizing with the plan, and others from capitalists extensively engaged in manufacturing, and employing great numbers of hands, inquiring into particulars, with a view of adopting the system; and we trust the time is not far distant when skill and labor will be inspired with its legitimate incentive—an interest in the result.

THE SPIRITS AT STAMFORD.

The Spirits are rapidly extending their field of operations in every possible direction, and in a noiseless but certain manner overcoming the world. Of late the quiet and orderly people of Stamford, Conn., have been led to inquire after those agents which have come to "turn the world upside down," and it seems that the mysterious powers are there to answer for themselves. The people have discovered, to their great surprise, that they also

> "Can call up Spirits from the vasty deep;"

and, moreover, that the Spirits have the capacity to *hear* and the power to *answer* like other folks, when they *are* called. This has disturbed the Rev. Mr. Hoyt and the Congregational church. We understand that the Spirits have called on some of the members, and that the latter were civil enough to entertain visitors from the supernal country with as much civility as they are wont to receive the calls of their pastor. This especially appears to have given serious offense to Rev. Mr. Hoyt, who claims to be the only legitimate and proper spiritual adviser of his people. The offended pastor calls the Spirits hard names, insists that they are in the service of the devil, and that none but "wicked people" will have aught to do with them. From all that we can learn, it may be inferred that the people are somewhat divided in opinion, some believing that the mythic Apostate is really *in* the whole spiritual movement, and others suspecting that he may be *on the other side,* and laboring to sustain the claims of Mr. Hoyt. We can not pretend to decide this question, though it should be observed that there is one circumstance that appears to favor the latter conclusion, viz., the Spirits do not pretend to any particular knowledge of the great fallen Spirit, but Mr. H. and his friends profess very great familiarity with his personal attributes and designs, and to have been attentive observers of the loose habits which have characterized his past life.

It is said, also, that some traces of the invisible power have been discovered in or about the Episcopal church, as though some invisible presence had recently descended and moved the elements. When the waters are disturbed by the angel of Spiritualism, those who step in are often cured of their skepticism, and, perhaps, endowed with some new and marvelous powers. Now is the time to step in at Stamford, and those who are so disposed had better move at once, and not wait for Mr. Hoyt. Rev. J. H. Moore, pastor of the Universalist church, is inclined to treat the subject in a civil and candid manner, as we are assured, notwithstanding many of the chief priests in that branch of the Church are as much opposed to the claims of the Spirits as the reverend pastor of the Congregational society himself. We trust that the Spirits will appear to Mr. Hoyt in the night, when he is alone, and increase his faith by a suitable appeal to his courage.

◆

LECTURES IN BOSTON.—Andrew Jackson Davis has just completed a course of six lectures on Physiological Vices and Virtues, delivered at the Melodeon in Boston. In this series as we understand, the lecturer gave his philosophy of the relation of the sexes, explained the nature of the conjugal union, and delineated in a simple, chaste, and forcible manner the consequences resulting from false relations and perverted affections. We are assured by several gentlemen who listened to the course, that the lectures deal earnestly with matters of vital interest, and that they are eminently free from any thing calculated to offend the sensibilities of any sensible man or woman.

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THE SPIRITUALISTS IN CHARLESTOWN.—Rev. J. S. Loveland, formerly, and for some fourteen years, a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal church, after examining the claims of Spiritualism became a believer, and during the last year has been lecturing on the subject in New England, chiefly in the vicinity of Boston. Mr. Loveland resides at Charlestown, where he has succeeded, in a short time, in gathering a congregation of nearly *one thousand persons,* earnest and intelligent believers in the spiritual philosophy, to whom he speaks on each succeeding Sabbath. The people manifest a deep interest in the cause, and Bro. L. is most cordially esteemed for his "work's sake."

LIBRARY EDITION OF THE "TELEGRAPH."

PROPOSITION TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Many persons have expressed their regrets that the TELEGRAPH is not in quarto or octavo form, that it might be conveniently bound and preserved as the most interesting and complete history of the great spiritual movement of the nineteenth century. But we have at length adopted an expedient which will more than realize their desires. We have selected from the TELEGRAPH, for the current year, all the important articles, whether in prose or verse, including all the leading essays and editorials, important facts and reasons, and a very large proportion of the letters from our numerous correspondents in all parts of this country and in Europe, and propose to publish the same in a form the most convenient for the Library. The whole work for this year will be comprised in four elegant 12mo. volumes, containing, altogether, over two thousand pages, of the size of the "Harmonia." Each volume will be furnished with a complete index, arranged in alphabetical order, and the entire series will be handsomely printed on good paper and bound in muslin, in the style of the Publishers' best plain books. These volumes will contain about 550 pages each, and will be sold for the low price of *seventy-five cents.*

It is proposed to add to this NEW SERIES a like number of volumes during each succeeding year—a uniform style to be preserved throughout; and we trust that all who are interested in the cause will aid us in this effort by extending their patronage to an enterprise which their desires, and the hope of extending a knowledge of the truth, have prompted us to undertake. The selections from the TELEGRAPH will make a most interesting series of miscellaneous volumes; no work will be read with deeper interest in future years, and we venture to predict that the time will come when no spiritual library will be considered complete without the entire series.

A PROPOSITION.—The proposal which we are about to make *must be restricted to our present subscribers.* With a view to aid in a further dissemination of the facts and principles of the spiritual philosophy, we propose that, to all of our present patrons who are inclined to second our efforts by circulating the back numbers of the TELEGRAPH now in their possession, we will furnish the library edition for the current year—four volumes—for two dollars; fifty cents per volume of 550 pages, or eleven pages for one cent, and bound in muslin into the bargain. This is as cheap as the evangelical tracts, and some may be inclined to cancel the claims of the tract distributors by circulating these in return.

Those who may be pleased to accept the foregoing proposition will do us the favor to signify their intentions as soon as convenient. The first, second, and third volumes will be ready early in April, and the fourth volume will be issued in May.

AN ACCREDITED FEMALE SAINT.

In the *Legends of the Monastic Orders,* a beautiful work by Mrs. Jameson, published some time since in London, we find the following account of an American woman, whom the Pope was induced to canonize by a singular phenomenon which is said to have occurred in his presence while her claims were being urged on his attention:

Santa Rosa de Lima was born at Lima, in Peru, in 1586. This flower of sanctity, whose fragrance has filled the whole Christian world, is the patroness of America, the St. Theresa of transatlantic Spain. She was distinguished in the first place by her austerities. Her usual food was an herb bitter as wormwood. When compelled by her mother to wear a wreath of roses, she so adjusted it on her brow that it became a crown of thorns. Rejecting a host of suitors, she destroyed the lovely complexion to which she owed her name, by an application of paper and quicklime. But she was also a noble example of filial devotion, and maintained her once wealthy parents, fallen on evil days, by the labor of her hands. All day she toiled in a garden, and at night she worked with her needle. She took the habit of the third order of St. Dominic, and died in 1617. She was canonized by Clement X. According to the Peruvian legend, the Pope, when entreated to canonize her, absolutely refused, exclaiming "India y santa! asi como llueven rosas!" (India and saint! as much as that it rains roses!) Whereupon a miraculous shower of roses began to fall in the Vatican, and ceased not till the incredulous pontiff acknowledged himself convinced.

According to the Pope's religion, this is the only American woman that ever became a saint. For some reason, not clearly explained, a very large proportion of the Saints in different ages and countries have been men. Why is this? Is it because the women are too wicked? or because the men who are Popes, Bishops, and Priests are *too crafty?* Yes, we think that's it. We insist that women are entitled to as many rights as men; they ought to have more, for they certainly have the larger share of the *wrongs.* We suggest therefore, that the women be allowed to be canonized if they want to be.

DELIVERY OF THE "TELEGRAPH."

We owe a word of explanation to such of our city subscribers as have not received, of late, the TELEGRAPH regularly. We made arrangements some time ago with the Dispatch Post, in Chatham Street, to have the TELEGRAPH faithfully delivered to our city patrons postage free. The arrangement has not met our expectation, as we have been flooded with complaints of non-receipt of the paper, though we have post-paid and carefully deposited each subscriber's copy in the Chatham Street office. We have, therefore, arranged to send the TELEGRAPH hereafter, post-paid, through the General Post-office, which we trust will insure its delivery. We are anxious that every subscriber should get his or her paper early and promptly, and we mean this shall be the case by some method or other.

NOTICE.

TO ALL HEALING MEDIUMS AND MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANTS.

In the summer of 1851 I lost my health, since which time I have been able to do no business. I will not attempt to name my disease, as physicians differ so widely upon it. It is, however, some disease of the spinal cord or nervous system, and has resulted in *partial paralysis* of the lower extremities—insomuch that I have not been able to walk over three steps at a time for about two years, and the least exercise produces nervous exhaustion. If any Spiritualist, healing medium, or medical clairvoyant will visit me, and by any means effect my cure, or sufficiently so to enable me to walk one mile comfortably, I will pay to such person the sum of [illegible] hundred dollars. All letters of inquiry will be promptly answered. Please visit or address me at this place. A. B. [illegible]

LEBANON, MADISON CO., N. Y.

We are not personally acquainted with the writer of the above, but have corresponded with him more or less for two years past, and believe him to be an honest, intelligent, upright man, physically in bondage to disease and suffering, but mentally and spiritually free and happy in the knowledge of an immortal life; and I hope and trust some healing medium will be moved, not with the hope of gain, but by the spirit of true human charity, to administer to his physical sufferings, and unload the burden that he may run and rejoice.

HON. RUFUS CHOATE.

The following delineation of character was delivered orally by Mrs. J. R. Mettler while holding a letter against her forehead written by the hand of the above-named gentleman. Mrs. M., of course, knew nothing respecting the authorship of the letter.—Ed.

On placing the letter to her head, Mrs. Mettler said, "I feel such an inclination to place my hand behind my head and scratch it. This feeling comes strong. I wonder what it means.

"'This writer is a gentleman possessing a mind that can not readily be fathomed to its depths or comprehended in its expansion. After he has expressed what those around him think and suppose must be all he can say for the cause in which he is engaged, there is still a fountain of ideas back of it all, which he can readily bring forward if necessity requires. For originality and intelligence there are but few minds that can compare with his. He has a keen, quick perception, which enables him to perceive at a glance and to comprehend any subject brought before him. His mental powers are continually engaged. Even when asleep, or attempting to sleep, the mind is occupied with those great and momentous subjects in which he is continually engaged. I should think he might often be heard speaking in his sleep, or *thinking very loudly*. He has much more mental power than physical strength, which seems to be exhausting the physical too fast. It is one of those minds that has progressed far beyond its years. For argument, criticism, deep research, and investigation, no mind that has ever come before me seems to be so strongly marked, and still, with all this greatness, he has much sympathy and benevolence, which characterize his daily acts. He will contend for the oppressed, and for such he will labor most powerfully and conscientiously. So strongly marked is this, that in the effort for success he would appear, by his gestures and earnestness of soul, so changed that his friends could scarcely recognize the natural outlines of his organism. After a great effort he would feel so exhausted that he could scarcely stand alone.

"He is very cautious, and will watch very closely what he advances, as well as what others may say in his presence. I should think he had been a marked scholar with every study in which he has engaged, even from his youth up; and I think his motto has always been, 'Right is Might.' He has ever been aspiring in his nature, and determined to excel. No one thing seems too great for him to engage in, if by it he can secure the position to which he aspires. He is extremely active and rapid in his thoughts and movements; dislikes delay; wants every thing up to the mark in time and in order. He is exceedingly accurate in his calculations, and generally sure to succeed in whatever he sets out for in spite of all opposition, yet he is polite and affable in his manners. He is winning and attractive, and possesses a great deal of manliness and undaunted courage, with a lively sense of the wrongs and sufferings of his fellow-beings, and would do every thing to assist them. When he is grieved, it is that deep-seated grief which may be felt, but can not be expressed or indicated openly. His powers of concentration are truly wonderful, and when alone by himself he becomes entirely abstracted in thought; and even in the midst of confusion, when other minds would become disturbed and distracted, even then he has the *faculty of comprehending* the whole subject, and with *perfect coolness would rise and speak with such power* and eloquence as to quiet the most confused and excited assemblage. He is ardently attached to his friends; has a strong attachment for home; loves and would be likely to caress children. He would love relaxation from business, and I think he would like a stroll in some beautiful wood, or by some quiet stream, where he might *forget to think*. He is strongly attached to woman, but loves her only as she is virtuous and intelligent.

"He dislikes selfish and narrow transactions. He is fond of money, though he will not, he *can not*, be penurious. He is fond of good living. Would be likely to indulge in a sumptuous dinner if set before him. He is fond of music, and at times much pleased with lively company, when the mind is not too much abstracted and absorbed. He seems to be engaged in that kind of public business that is very trying and exceedingly perplexing, and I should think that he would sometimes be obliged to argue and plead against the honest convictions of his own soul. I seem to see him often engaged in speaking with great power before crowded assemblages. He is a person that is thoroughly acquainted with human nature; will judge most accurately of character at the first glance. His memory is excellent, which gives him the advantage over many great minds. He must be a powerful man, for such are the impressions I receive in holding this letter.

"His mental powers predominate, and the sphere is very brilliant and pleasing. I wonder who it can be."

A SINGULAR TEST.

An intelligent gentleman residing at Sodus Point, Wayne Co., N. Y., a few days since sent to a friend in this city a sealed inclosure containing questions, to which answers were to be obtained without knowing what they were. The sealed letter was taken to Mr. J. B. Conklin, 31 Howard Street, who placed it on his table without examination. Three answers were immediately given by the table tippings, with two names, which were written on the back of the letter; it was then returned, with the seals unbroken, to the person who had sent it. By return of mail he dispatched a copy of the questions, with the answers, which proved to be in the exact order of the questions, and appropriate thereto. The first was of a general character, and required a liberal construction to suit the question; the others were as follows:

2d Ques.—Do the Spirits of the departed dwell on or near our globe?

2d Ans.—I do live in the heaven of God's love, and near those that love God.

3d Ques.—Is there a place of eternal punishment for the wicked?

3d Ans.—There is a place of punishment hereafter; but you have a certain condition known by which you may escape—faith in Christ.

The names given were those of the gentleman and his deceased son, both entirely unknown to Mr. Conklin.

The gentleman above mentioned has been for some months investigating the subject amid violent persecution from some of his neighbors, who can not conceive it possible that things may be of which they know nothing. A Miss E., some time since, pretended to be a medium, and by attaching fishhooks to her wrists, with the assistance of a person she persuaded to join in the deceit, succeeded in moving around a small table and raising it from the floor. By repeated and most solemn asseverations that she was using no deception, she imposed upon two or three who witnessed her performances; and when the trick was detected, and she was charged with the shameless falsehood, pretended she had merely designed to persuade Mr. —— that others who moved tables were equally fraudulent. Whether this, or vanity, was her motive for the deceit, it failed entirely to impair the value of the evidence of more honest persons, or inducing those interested to give up their inquiries.

JUDGE EDMONDS IN MICHIGAN.

Ann Arbor, Mich., *March* 3, 1854.

Messrs. Partridge and Brittan:

Last evening the first lecture here on the subject of Spiritualism was delivered by Judge Edmonds, of your city. At an early hour, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Court-house, in which the meeting was held, was crowded to excess by an intelligent and inquiring audience. The Judge addressed the multitude in a most happy and becoming manner. His pleasing and candid appearance, his benevolent and parental look, his clear and forcible positions and illustrations, and the thrilling periods of simple and heartfelt eloquence that occasionally burst from his lips, gave an interest and charm to his speaking that rarely accompany a public lecturer. His character and position in life added increased importance to all his declarations, and finally the subject itself threw a stillness and attentiveness over the audience that seldom are witnessed in public assemblies. And whatever objection may be raised to the truthfulness of Spiritualism, as contended for by the Judge, one thing is certain, that no one will attribute to him insincerity or deception. He spoke for more than an hour, with most marked effect, and, as we believe, with lasting and salutary influence upon the life and happiness of those that heard him.

Dr. Dexter followed with a short and powerful address, which, by the untimely though well-intended applause of a portion of the audience, was suddenly concluded, as the Doctor was determined not to be applauded, thinking the occasion too serious to admit of such demonstrations.

After the meeting, quite a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the Judge's room, to witness, if possible, some Spirit-manifestations, as the Judge assured us that they frequently occurred on such occasions. After preserving silence for a few minutes, as requested, the Judge commenced speaking most gently and eloquently upon freedom of thought. The professions and various conditions of life were instanced, in which the hindrances to the free expression of opinion were clearly pointed out, and the shackles which bind men's thoughts held up to view. During the utterance of these remarks the most profound attention was observed; and when the Judge concluded, and said, in his mild and unpretending way, that the Spirit stood *there*, just before him, who had dictated to him the sentiments which he had uttered, there was a simplicity and sincerity alone belonging to truth accompanying the remark that thrilled in every heart. This was a very beautiful and impressive scene to the uninitiated, and must have its legitimate effect.

When the Judge concluded, Dr. D., who, apparently, was being magnetized, or controlled by some invisible agent, commenced speaking; and after some time had elapsed in making pertinent, profound, and forcible observations, the speaker announced that he was known on the earth as Lord Bacon. This scene, too, was highly impressive and convincing.

Upon the whole, we believe that these meetings are the certain precursors of great and startling developments in our city. We think many will be inclined to form circles, read, investigate, whose attention, without these or similar lectures, would not have been drawn to the subject for years. Investigation, you know, is synonymous with conviction, and any thing which will induce men to observe and consider is equivalent to confessing a new life and more exalted happiness.

A. A.

LA FAYETTE TO THE LADY.

At a private circle in Brooklyn, a lady asking for the name of some Spirit from whom she wished to hear, that of La Fayette was spelled out by table tippings. She asked where she had first seen him, and writing the names of several places, and pointing to them, it was indicated that it was on board a steamboat. She then asked for some incident that occurred there, as a test, her mind being fixed on an occurrence at the breakfast-table. The following reply was given by the alphabet:

> "You were on the deck one morning when the deputation from Norfolk came to invite me to visit that city. I had given my flowers to you, and you made with them in a wine glass a flower-wreath for me."

The lady had forgotton the incident till thus reminded of it.

REVELATIONS FROM THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

We are informed, by a letter recently received from California, that the miners assemble together evenings for instruction, generally by reading from books treating of subjects in which they feel most interested. We quote from the letter as follows:

The text-book now most in vogue is "Nature's Divine Revelations," by Andrew Jackson Davis, the great clairvoyant of the nineteenth century. I am listening every night to its reading. It is truly a wonderful book, and can not fail to arrest the attention of the intelligent and thoughtful. The Spiritual Telegraph and Mr. Davis' books constitute the theme of conversation, and create much discussion. May God defend his own truth, and only truth prevail.

J. H. W.

Union City, California, *Jan.* 20, 1854.

SPIRITUALLY BORN.

Left the external form, at Black Earth, Wisconsin, Monday evening, February 20th, Rachel, wife of Orien Haseltine, of Rockbridge, Richland County, Wisconsin.

We have received the following particulars from a son of the Spirit-born: Mrs. H. suffered severe pain during the last few months of her earth-life from the disease known as the blind piles. She endured her suffering with extraordinary fortitude, and met her change firmly believing in the spiritual philosophy. She was attended in her last days by the Spirit of a German physician, through the medium of Miss Mary Folsom, one of the most noted mediums in Wisconsin. The Spirit described the person of Mrs. H., the locality and progress of her disease from the beginning, more minutely than any person attending her could have done, and that, too, when the medium was fifty miles from, and a perfect stranger to, the patient. Soon after the medium came to the house of the patient's son, above-mentioned, and before she saw the patient, the distressing cough with which Mrs. H. had suffered left her, and the medium suffered with it. The Spirit-physician could not restore health to the body, but relieved it from pain, and the Spirit-birth of Mrs. H. was without a struggle—like the passing to a pleasant slumber. The Spirit delivered a funeral discourse on the occasion, being the first instance of the kind in that region. It is added, in the narration from which we condense the above, that: "The manner of healing through this medium is to take the disease from the patient upon the medium, which has been done in scores of instances. Cases of fevers, fits, scrofulous humors, cancers, consumption, and many other diseases, have been transferred from the patient to the medium, which she endures for a short time, when she is relieved by the Spirit."

FACTS AND REMARKS.

Conference of March 9.—The Conference on Thursday evening of last week, at this office, was opened by Dr. J. R. Orton, who related two or three interesting facts in which skeptics prejudiced in respect to spiritual manifestations, had, spite of their opposition, suddenly been made mediums, and thus been satisfied of the spiritual reality of the new phenomena. The speaker also detailed some interesting cases of clairvoyance, and related a fact proving the existence of facetious Spirits in the other world. W. Fishbough related a couple of interesting cases in which Spirits had communicated with him by means of correspondential imagery. He considered these cases important as illustrations of the natural language—the language of correspondences—by which Spirits communicate with men in the flesh; and he considered it essential that correspondences should be studied as a science, in order that men might be able to receive from pure and wise Spirits, in *their own* language, wisdom which they can not communicate in our arbitrary words and sentences. Mr. Partridge considered the "science of correspondences" as a thing "dangling in the air without top or bottom," and considered the claims of its pretended discoverers as groundless and presumptuous. Mr. Fishbough replied to Mr. Partridge. Dr. Young considered correspondences as mere hieroglyphs representing ideas, but doubted the practicability of reading this language of hieroglyphs, at present, to any great extent. Dr. Orton counseled mutual tolerance of opinion in case of difference. Mr. Partridge returned to the science of correspondences and insisted that it never had been discovered, even though such a science might hereafter be proved to exist. Mr. D. G. Taylor related facts of spiritual manifestations, one of which will be given elsewhere. Mr. Partridge related a remarkable instance of a table rocking, by spiritual power, with a person seated on it, and another vainly looking under it to discover the cause of the movement. Mr. Lyon related some curious facts of table movings and mental impressions; and the meeting then closed.

Spirits Tested by Mathematics.—At the Conference at this office on the evening of the 2d inst., Mr. Calthorp related the following apparently decisive experiment: Being in consultation with the Spirits through a medium, he took, at first, *five* strips of paper, wrote on one of them the correct answer to the question which he proposed to ask, and then rolled each one of the papers up separately, and shuffled them all together, so that he himself could not distinguish them, and requested the Spirits to pick out the one on which the right answer was written. This first experiment succeeding, he afterward took *eight* slips of paper, and with them repeated the above experiment in the same manner, varying the question at each time, for seven additional times. At each time, and without hesitation or a failure, the communicating intelligence indicated a paper which, on being unrolled, was found to contain the right answer to the question that was asked. Mr. C. afterward calculated the proportional chances of right and wrong answers as given by mere blind *guessing* for eight *successive* times, to as many different questions, and found the result as follows: Supposing the answers to have been given by mere guess, the chances of failure were

For 1 time, 5 papers	4 chances to 1;
" 2 times, 8 "	39 chances to 1;
" 3 " " "	319 chances to 1;
" 4 " " "	2,559 chances to 1;
" 5 " " "	20,479 chances to 1;
" 6 " " "	163,840 chances to 1;
" 7 " " "	1,310,720 chances to 1.

This calculation, it will be perceived, gives the enormous number of 1,310,720 probabilities that the answers to the questions, for the eight *successive* times, were given by some invisible intelligence who *perceived* and *knew* them, to one probability that they were given by *blind guessing*. This single experiment, therefore, would seem to leave us 1,310,730 probabilities for the truth of Spiritualism to one probability of its being false. He who believes it *false*, therefore, must be 1,310,720 times more credulous than he who believes it true!

Bell Ringing and Thought Reading.—At a recent Conference, the following account was given by Mr. Farnsworth concerning some phenomena which lately took place at Mrs. Brown's, in West Twenty-sixth Street, in this city: A circle being assembled, the persons composing it were required by the Spirits to sit close and lean a little forward. The narrator, then, at the request of the Spirits, placed a bell under the table, which, as he reached it downward, was taken out of his hand by the invisibles, who, while constantly ringing it, carried it round the whole circuit of the open space under the table. By careful attention to the sound of the bell, it was recognized as manifestly the identical one which a few minutes before had rested upon the top of the table. The medium's feet were then held, but the bell continued its gyrations and ringing, under the table, as before. Afterward the Spirits made a signal for the alphabet, and while the medium was calling it, and her whole attention was absorbed in receiving a communication, the narrator, who sat at the opposite end of the table, called the alphabet *mentally*, and, unknown to any other person present, received a communication by silent touches upon his person. Mr. F. justly considered these phenomena as a complete refutation of the hypothesis that the communications and other manifestations were referable to the clairvoyant perceptions and magnetic or mechanical action of the medium.

Brought by a Spirit.—Mr. D. G. Taylor, of this city, some of the members of whose family are mediums, related that a few evenings ago they were directed by a Spirit to put out the lights, and to await, without alarm, the event of a trial which he proposed to make, to exhibit his form to them. They followed the directions, but saw only a faint cloud of white light. This, however, was distinct, though it did not assume a personal shape. They were then directed to go into another room and sit round a table, having done which, a tooth-pick was mysteriously placed upon the table. The table had been entirely cleared off a short time before, and no one present could give any account of the article; but while the party was wondering where it could have come from, a Spirit (who gave his name) called for the alphabet, and said that the tooth-pick had belonged to him while in the body, and that he had just brought it there from his former residence (about 200 miles distant) as a test. This occurrence may be mentioned as a confirmation of analogous facts that have been stated, though taken by itself it would not be conclusive.

Moved by the Spirits.—We understand that Mr. Henry Gordon, the well-known Spirit-medium, now residing in Philadelphia, was recently entranced, at his residence, and slid up stairs upon the bannister of the stairway, and then turned and slid down head foremost, in the same manner, all by an invisible power. This occurred in the presence of several credible witnesses. It will be recollected that Mr. Gordon was in the same manner raised from the floor and carried back and forth through the air several times, in this city, likewise in the presence of witnesses whose word may be implicitly relied upon, and who positively testify that no visible agent of the movement was in contact with, or even near him.

Spiritualism in France.—The N. Y. *Tribune* publishes a recent letter from Paris, from which it would appear that Spiritualism has become so rife in France that, to use the writer's own, perhaps somewhat exaggerated, language, "there is scarcely a family that does not make a pastime of these dangerous experiments." The Bishop of Verviers speaks of it as a mania which broke out with unexampled fury in America, and thence extended into France, where its aspect is daily becoming more serious. He of course pronounces it the work of the Arch Deceiver, and cautions all "*nos tres chers chretiens*" to avoid it as they would perdition itself—in which advice he is joined by the Archbishop of Paris, the Bishop of Orleans, and others.

Writing on the Wall.—At a recent Thursday evening Conference, Mr. Lyon, of Fall River, stated that at a late spiritual circle at which he was present, the name of a person in the Spirit-world was observed to be written with chalk on the wall of the apartment. No one could tell how the writing came there, as it had not been there before the meeting of the circle, and certainly had not been written by the hand of any one present in the body. The minds of the persons present were diverted from it for a time, and when they looked for it again it was not to be seen. The cause of its obliteration was as mysterious as that which had originally produced it.

Comforted by an Angel.—Dr. J. R. Orton, of Brooklyn, related a case which had recently come to his knowledge, in which a lady, previously an unbeliever in spiritual intercourse, was in trouble about the future, and while brooding over her prospects, an angel all at once appeared at her side, and comforted her, and gave her kind advice. After delivering its message, the angel vanished as suddenly as it had appeared. The apparition was decided and unmistakable, and the influence upon the lady's mind was consoling and heavenly.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Tuesday Evening, *March* 7, 1854.

Mr. Partridge commenced with some general remarks on the progress of the cause. It is but a few years since the first word was uttered, and now, in all probability, more than a million minds in this country alone respond to the great and glorious truth. From this small beginning it has grown to be the great theme of the age. The rapid spread of this stupendous fact, as evinced by the constantly increasing number of believers, is beginning to have its due weight with the public mind. "*There must be something in it*," is the verdict which ingenious skepticism must render in the case as presented. He read extracts from his correspondence to show how steadily the cause was making its way, and that the churches even, in some places, were opening their doors to its reception. He advised charity and moderation on the part of Spiritualists toward opposers, considering them as brothers and sisters, only a little behind us in the reception of this great truth—needing our sympathy the more for that reason.

He thought the objection raised by some of our Christian friends to the reception of the new idea not well taken. They say, "It is not true, because unnecessary. We have the Holy Scripture embracing the entire needful revelation of the spiritual world, and of man's relation to it. Therefore all modern claims of intercourse with that world should be regarded as chimerical or disorderly, and in either case be rejected." This objection proves too much—it goes too far. It is the same that was made by the Jews when Christ appeared. He was rejected on the ground of "*surplusage*." They had "Moses and the prophets—God's law written on tables of stone"—the "Holy Scriptures and a holy priesthood"—what more did they want? So they rejected Christ for the same reason that many of his professed followers reject the light and truth of the present day. The argument is as valid in the mouth of a Jew as it is in that of a Christian; and, if true, sweeps away the "New Dispensation," which first appeared eighteen hundred years ago, as well as the one upon which we in the present day claim to have entered. We should not oppose the new from erroneous zeal for the old. Things new and old belong to us. The Bible is one of our best witnesses. We accept it with joy, for we see today its facts confirmed.

Mr. Stewart stated some facts in his own experience as a medium. He thinks mediums generally are more skeptical than others, for the reason that they are generally in an unconscious state when communications are given, and therefore do not get the tests themselves so readily appreciated by others. Of all the different kinds, the most to be desired is to be good *impressional* mediums. Impressions are more reliable than words uttered by others, or by ourselves even, because the words are a mere translation of the impression. He advised against the receiving any idea or maxim on authority. Whatever comes through him as a medium, which does not of *itself* appeal to the judgment of the hearer, should be rejected, though indorsed by the greatest names the world has ever known. Let every man be his own judge. What one rejects may be adopted by another, for truth in its infinite ramifications is adapted to every shade and cast of mind. Perfect toleration on all sides toward mediums, spirits, skeptics, and each other, should prevail. Let each one expend his combativeness and destructiveness upon the eradication of error in himself—upon making himself better able to bear wrong and to do right. The dogmas of theology must fall before the light of intelligence thus purified.

Dr. Hallock remarked upon the subject of alleged false communications: It is, perhaps, justly supposed by many that they are benevolent in their object—designed to cure us of a natural tendency to acquire wisdom as some do property—without industry. This may be all very well as a *curative*, but what we need is a *preventive*. Whether we have advanced far enough in the laws of spiritual intercourse to be able to say that we have found it, can not now be absolutely determined. Jesus, on one occasion, said, "What man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?" The speaker supposed Jesus alluded, in that case, to a universal and eternally existing law between parent and child. It is the law of ability and need—of supply and demand—of positive and negative—the great parental law, receiving its divine impetus from the bosom of God, and binding the universe to his great Father heart! Now, compared with more expanded intelligences, what are we but children? And *as* such, shall *we* ask for "*bread*," not for sickly delicacies, but for plain, spiritual bread, and get a "stone?" He thought not. The law being eternal and universal must prevent any such hard, cold response to a sincere childlike want. He would appeal to the experience of Spiritualists—had any one, prompted by a natural appetite—*a desire to know a truth for the sake of a good*—ever received a "*stone*" or a "*devil*" by way of "bread?" If not, then it may be presumed we have found the law preventive as well as the law curative. May it inspire us with the *assurance* of getting "bread when we truly need it, and with the *wisdom* not to ask for it when we are full to repletion.

Mr. Woodman said he was developed as a speaking medium at the first sitting. He bore a glowing testimony to the happiness and freedom which spiritual intercourse had conferred upon him. He thinks there can be no compromise between truth and error. Freedom and despotism can not exist as friends. They must fight. We see this in process of exemplification on the continent of Europe. Spiritualists should learn wisdom from it. Wherever they find a lie stalking abroad in the world they should call it by the right name, march boldly up to it, and pitch battle, not with blank cartridges, but solid shot. The despots of Europe will never learn that the world can do without them, until a sufficient number have been knocked in the head, and the same is true of every other incarnate lie. He thinks we should be the open enemies of every form of bigotry and falsehood.

Mr. Ira B. Davis said he could not fully coincide with Mr. Woodman's advice. He thought a mild and patient course with those with whom we differ, the best, for he does not believe men love falsehood and cherish errors as such, but it is the result of the unhappy position in which they are placed that compels them to act in a manner inharmonious with truth. Their mental character is as much the result of circumstances as the color of their skins. The law of our being, self-preservation, prompts men to do that which produces suffering in others, because it seems necessary for their own well-being. Not because they wish their neighbors evil, but because they can not see how they can elevate their fellows except at the expense of their own depression. He believes that man by nature is good. Evil is the result of ignorance, and he believed this because he had been an infidel without the fear of hell to constrain or the hope of heaven to encourage him. Yet his heart beat with the highest and holiest emotions of love and charity toward his fellow-men, and if these feelings pervaded his soul under such circumstances, why should he judge others to be less pure. The prayer of Jesus upon the cross expresses the true and proximate origin of wrong. "They know not what they do." If we would have the world better, we must change the conditions which generate ignorance and perpetuate suffering. Supplant the present antagonistic relations of society by the law of love and acts of justice. The world has seriously suffered from the practice of denunciation and of speculation.

Apples without Seeds or Cores.—A correspondent of the Memphis *Whig* gives the following recipe for obtaining apples without seeds or cores:

Take the ends of the limbs of an apple tree, where they hang low, so as to reach the ground, dig a small hole for each end under the tree, bend it down and bury it in the hole, confining it down so that it will remain. Do this in the winter or beginning of spring. The ends of the limbs thus buried will take root, and put up sprouts of scions, which, when they become sufficiently large to set out, dig up at the proper season, and transplant them in the orchard where you wish them to remain. When they get large enough to bear, they will bear apples as above.

Discovery of a Roman City in Switzerland.—The remains of a Roman city, named Taurentunum, have lately been discovered in the neighborhood of Vevay. The city, it is said, had been destroyed by the largest earth-slip which has ever taken place in Switzerland—a slip caused by a large mass of mountain tumbling down and shooting through a valley, as if it had been the ball of a cannon, and spreading itself out in hillocks in the valley of the Rhone, just like a discharge of artillery.

A Monument to Virtue.—Our readers will recollect the affecting story which we published a few days since of a boy named Emanuel Danon, six years of age, who was whipped to death by his adopted father, in Marquette County, Wisconsin, because he would not tell a lie. This story was proven on the trial of the cruel man, who is now in prison for the crime. At a meeting of the Sabbath School Union of Wisconsin, a few days since, it was resolved to erect a monument to the memory of this little martyr to truth. Collections are to be made throughout that State, and we are sure that very many of our young people elsewhere will be happy to send on something to aid in the good work.—*Albany Journal.*

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

METHODISTS ONCE SPIRITUALISTS.

Half Day, Ill., *Dec.* 8, 1853.

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

Dear Sir—I find the following in the "English Methodist Magazine" for the year 1819, page 208.

To the Editor of the "Methodist Magazine:"

Sir—At the Sheffield Conference of 1817, when examining the young men in the public congregation, I was greatly surprised by the extraordinary declaration of one of the preachers. The effect his narrative produced upon the audience induced me to request him to commit to paper what he had so distinctly detailed, as it contains a well-authenticated account of what infidelity has affected to deny, and many well-informed Christians receive with suspicion and doubt. Your insertion of his letter to me will, at least, afford some further evidence on a question which is of such high interest and importance to the world.

J. Gaulter.

Rochester, *Feb.* 4, 1818.

Mr. President:

Hon. Sir—According to your desire, I take up my pen to give you the particulars of a *solemn fact*, which was the first grand means of leading my mind seriously to think of those solemn realities—death, judgment, and eternity.

A sister of mine being married to a gentleman of the army, we received intelligence that the regiment to which he belonged had orders for one of the Spanish isles (Minorca). One night (sixteen years back), about ten o'clock, as his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself were sitting in a back room, the shutters being closed, bolted, and barred, and the yard door locked, suddenly a light shone through the window, the shutters, and bars, and illumined the room we sat in; we looked, started, and beheld *the Spirit of a murdered brother!* His eye was fixed on his wife and child alternately. He waved his hand, smiled, continued about half a minute, then vanished from our sight. The moment before the Spirit disappeared, my sister cried, "He's dead! he's dead!" and fainted away. Her little boy ran to his father's Spirit, and wept because it would not stay. A short time after this, we received a letter from the colonel of the regiment, sealed with black (the dark emblem of mortality), bearing the doleful but expected news, that on such a night (the same on which we saw his Spirit) my brother-in-law was found weltering in his blood (in returning from his mess-room); the spark of life was not quite out. The last wish he was heard to breathe was to see his wife and child. It was granted him (in a certain sense), for the very hour he died in the island of Minorca, that same hour (according to the little difference of clocks) his Spirit appeared to his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself, in Doncaster. Before this event, sir (though a boy of nine years), I was a complete *Atheist*. By this solemn circumstance I was convinced of the reality of another world's existence; and by the solemn impression that it made upon my mind, I was led to pray for mercy, found it at the foot of the cross, and now feel the Holy Spirit preparing my soul to enter those eternal and invisible regions—*the land of Spirits*.

I am, sir, yours, obediently, Thomas Savage.

P. S. My sister, from the night she saw the Spirit of her husband, mourned him as dead, nor could my father prevent it by any argument. He endeavored to persuade us we were all deceived; yet he acknowledged the testimony which the child gave *staggered him*. But when the letter arrived from the colonel of the regiment, with the awful tidings, he was *struck dumb*. My two sisters are yet living and can testify to the truth of this account; and at least one hundred persons besides our own family can prove our mentioning *the hour the Spirit appeared* several weeks before we received the melancholy letter, and that the letter mentioned the hour and night that he died as the same in which we beheld his Spirit.

T. S.

This, sir, occurred among the early Methodists, who were, at that time, a spiritual people, and the "old magazines" abound with accounts of spiritual manifestations. Query: Have the Methodists of this day any such demonstrations of Spirit-being? Alas! how are the mighty fallen! On the contrary, they are among us the most bitter opponents we meet with, and the most ignorant and unreasonable of all the opposers of spiritual truths. If you think the above narrative will subserve the cause we love, please publish, and oblige yours,

James Selkrig.

LECTURES AND CURES BY A SPIRIT.

Friend Brittan:

I propose to add another small item to the list of strange events with which the present age seems to be so rife. There is residing in this village a lady of about thirty-five years of age, a strict professor of religion, and until recently a disbeliever in modern spiritual influx, who happening some three or four weeks since at a neighbor's where a "Spirit-circle" was about being formed, was invited to take a seat in the circle. She had been sitting but a few minutes when her right arm commenced a spasmodic jerking. It being supposed she wished to write, she was furnished with a pencil and paper. She scribbled over the paper, but wrote nothing legible. A few moments after she apparently sunk into a profound slumber. She remained in this condition perhaps half an hour, when she, in a very grave manner, commenced a moral exhortation in the form of a speech or sermon.

But the most remarkable feature in this chapter of the affair is, that during the delivery of this discourse her emotions become so strong as to occasion her repeatedly to give vent to an involuntary flood of tears. There has not, perhaps, been a day since this occurrence took place that she has not been thrown (involuntarily, as she says, and no person acquainted with her questions her veracity) into the same kind of trance, by, as she believes, the Spirit of a gentleman who, while clothed in this mortal tabernacle, conceived it to be his duty to preach, but never "yielded to the heavenly vision." During this sleep or trance she often delivers moral or scientific discourses much above her attainments, both in point of language and thought, for her education and reading are quite limited. Yet on one occasion she delivered a discourse on the science of medicine, in which the technicalities of the profession were quoted with the flippancy of a professor. She is also daily "impressed" to spend a portion of her time in visiting and administering to the sick and infirm. And it is believed that every case which has received her attention is either cured or convalescent. One was a gentleman who had been down several days with what is generally termed "the winter fever," which the doctors here consider absolutely incurable under nine days. Yet this gentleman was up and going about a day or two after her first visit, and was at business again in a few days.

Yours, for truth, E. Graves.

Harveysburg, Warren Co., O., *Feb.* 4, 1854.

A BIOLOGIST DEPRIVED OF HIS POWER.

Moretown, Vt., *Jan.* 20, 1854.

Dear Friends:

The cause of Spiritualism is making rapid progress in this vicinity. We have healing mediums, writing mediums, and speaking mediums; yet not enough of either to satisfy the demands of the inquirers after truth.

There was a case of Spirit prediction at Montpelier, last fall, in which a great biologist, by the name of Stone, was told his power was all given him of God, to help prepare the way for the Spirit manifestations, and that it would soon be taken away from him. He was lecturing at that place, and hearing of the marvels of a family in which there are two mediums, he said it could all be explained on the principles of magnetism. He called on these mediums, for the purpose of "showing them up," and requested the privilege of magnetizing one of them. He was told that he could not do it, though he might have as long a time as he pleased to try the experiment. It is unnecessary to say, his power was inferior to that of the Spirits' influencing the medium, and he was quite unsuccessful. It was at this interview that he was told that his power was to leave him, and he was invited to turn in and help to spread the Spirit manifestations. Not believing the prediction, he chose to follow his old profession, with what success the sequel will show.

At his next lecture in that village, he failed to illustrate his doctrine by his usual experiments, not having power over his own subjects, who were two girls, or young women, that he called his medium; and report says he was equally unsuccessful at Northfield, his next place of labor.

Here is an important fact illustrated, viz., that the power which controls the medium is the same as that of the biologist, with this difference, that one comes from Spirits in the flesh, and the other comes from the Spirits divested of the incumbrances of mortality, and consequently must be so much higher and stronger, as the differences in the two states can render it.

Roswell Child.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE GHOST OF A LOVE STORY.

In an excursion I once made in Brittany, I arrived one evening at the little town of Pontaven, in Lower Cornwall—for Cornwall is on both sides of the Channel—with all its *Tres, Tres,* and *Pens,* as well on the French as on the English land, which goes far to prove that the two countries of Great and Little Britain were once united.

It was a beautiful summer, and the charming country in that point of projecting land between the Bay of Douarnenez and the inlet of Benodet had never looked more smiling and agreeable. I was on my way to Quimper, the capital of the district, and need not have ventured on such fare as the very shabby inn offered; but I had a fancy to stop in order to have an opportunity of visiting the ruins of a castle which I had observed on my way, crowning a hill rising above a village called Nizon, a short walk from Pontaven.

As I was well aware that to view a ruin aright, one should "go visit it by the pale moonlight," and the moon being then "in her highest noon," I meditated an excursion with my companions—one of whom was a Breton born, and the other a brisk little native of Normandy—to the Castle of Rustéfan, as soon as our supper had a little restored us after a day's journey over bad roads.

The walk was extremely pretty, through deep shaded lanes, across which the clear rays of the moonlight danced as they escaped through the leaves, stirred by a soft breeze. We soon reached the village, and mounted the steep hill, at the highest point of which rose the numerous walls and towers of what must once have been a large castle. In what had been the inner court, the ground was covered with soft turf, where formerly the village fêtes and dances were held.

One night a merry party of young people were dancing on this green, and had not yet ceased when the clock of the chapel of Nizon tolled twelve. Exactly at that moment, although the weather had been beautiful until then, for it was a warm summer, a sudden chill came over all, the moon became obscured, and the wind rose in sharp gusts which violently shook the thick ivy garlands on the wall. The party stopped in the midst of their dance, for every one had felt the influence of the change, and, as the sky grew darker and the wind louder, they clung to each other in actual fear. Presently those who had courage to look round them were aware that, gazing at them from the pointed ruined window of the donjon, stood a figure in the dress of a monk with a shaven crown and hollow lustrous eyes. As the Great Revolution had long since cleared the country of monasteries, and as no monk had ever been seen in the locality, except in a picture, the general astonishment was great. The terror increased when the figure, slowly moving from the window, reappeared at a lower one, as if descending the broken stair, and finally was seen to emerge from beneath the stone portal into the interrupted moonlight, and appeared—still fixing his lustrous eyes upon them—to be advancing. With a general cry of terror, and with a rapidity which only fear could give, all rushed toward the opposite entrance, and, nearly falling over each other in their eagerness to escape, darted from the castle and made the best of their way to the bottom of the hill, nor stopped until they had regained the cottages.

After this, the ruins were never visited by night; but occasionally it happened that a stranger, coming from a distance, would have to cross the lower part of the hill, which the castle crowned, and, if he looked up from the marshy lake into which drains all the water from the heights round about, and which is one of the most dismal, dreary-looking spots in the neighborhood, he was sure to see, mounting the hill and advancing slowly to the chief entrance to the castle, a funeral procession conducting a bier covered with a white cloth, and having four tapers at the corners, just as is usual on the coffin of a young girl. This would enter the castle gate and disappear.

Others have heard, as they passed under the walls, the sound of weeping and lamenting, and sometimes of a low melancholy singing, and have been witnesses to the appearance on the walls of a female figure, as of a very young girl, dressed in a robe of green satin strewn with golden flowers, who walks mournfully along uttering sighs and sobs, and occasionally singing in a tearful voice words which no one has been able to comprehend.

My Breton friend, to whom all the legends of his country were familiar, finding that I was interested in the account of these apparitions of the castle, thus satisfied my longing to know how the belief could have arisen of these appearances of monk and lady:

"I suppose it was to give a gloomier horror to the legend that our friends, the peasants of Nizon, fixed upon a monk for their ghost. The fact is, it is a priest who appears, with shaven head and brilliant eyes; one of those whom you may meet any day in the parish; indeed, the real hero of the tale filled that very office. You may have observed two names frequently *repeated over the shops, both in the village below and at Pontaven—both Naour and Flécher are common hereabouts; the first are extremely proud of their name, for it proves them to be descendants of the once powerful lord of the castle of Rustéfan, in days when lords were people who had the command of all the country and all the peasants within their ken.* As for Flécher, it was never more illustrious than it is now, yet it is connected with the history of those old ruins as much as the other.

"The peasants of Brittany are very ambitious that their sons should enter the church; it removes them from evil habits and hard labor, it gives them education and a certain superiority which every mother wishes her child to attain; moreover, in their opinion, it secures them heaven, and provides prayers for their kindred, and if the priest should happen to turn out a saint, the whole family is made immortal in fame.

"Marie Flécher, a widow with an only son, lived at Pontaven, and, every time her pretty little boy Ivan came home from the hills after tending the flocks of the farmer who employed him, she sighed to think that so promising a child should have no better occupation. As he grew older, her regret increased, until at last she became quite unhappy, and imparted to her son her desire that he should go to school at Quimper and study to be a priest, instead of wasting his time in keeping sheep, and dancing and flirting with the young girls of the village. 'This is not a life for you,' she said. '*I have had a dream, in which the Blessed Virgin directed me to dedicate you to her service; she hates idleness and ignorance, and you must go to the good father at Quimper, who will give you an education for nothing. You will first become a clerc, then a priest, have a salary, be able to keep your poor mother when she can work no longer, and pray for the soul of your father.*'

"'But,' said Ivan, laughing and caressing her, for he was very gay, 'I don't want to be either a priest or a monk; I have lost my heart to the prettiest girl in the parish.'

"Marie started and looked disturbed; 'This will not do, Ivan,' she said; 'you are too poor for that. You must leave your sheep and the young girls, and come with me to Quimper to learn to be something more than a clown, and to gain heaven by becoming a priest. You shall study, and shall be a clerc.'

"The most beautiful girls in that part of the country were the daughters of the lord of the Castle of Rustéfan, whose name was Naour, and whose lady was the grandmother of Ivan Flécher; no one could look at any one else when these young ladies came down on their white ponies to the Pardon of Pontaven clattering along the stony street, and dressed in green silk, with gold chains round their necks. They were all handsome; but the youngest, Geneviève, was far beyond the others, and every body at Pontaven said she was in love with the handsomest young man of the village, and he was Ivan Flécher, who was now a *clerc,* studying for the priesthood.

"It was at the Pardon of Pontaven that Geneviève and Ivan met, only for a moment, after his absence at the school of Quimper. 'Ivan,' said the young girl to him, 'I have had four lovers who were *clercs,* and each of them has become a priest; the last of them is named Ivan Flécher, and he intends to break my heart.'

"The young lady rode on, and Ivan did not dare to reply, for it had been arranged, without his consent being asked, that he was to take holy orders. On the day when he was to go through the ceremony of being received into the church, he passed the village castle, and there was the beautiful Geneviève sitting at the gate embroidering a chalice cloth in gold thread. She looked up as he passed, and said, 'Ivan Flécher, if you will be advised by me, you will not receive orders, because of all that you have said to me in former days.'

"'I can not withdraw now,' replied he, turning as pale as death, 'for I should be called perjured.'

"'You have then forgotten,' said Geneviève, 'all that has been said between us two; you have lost the ring I gave you the last time we danced together?'

"'No,' replied he, trembling: 'but God has taken it from me.'

"'Ivan Flécher!' cried the young girl in accents of despair, 'hear me! Return! All I possess is yours. I will follow you to any fate. I will become a peasant like you, and work like you. If you will not listen to me, all that remains is to bring me the sacrament, for my life is ended.'

"'Alas! alas!' sobbed Ivan, 'I have no power to follow you; I am in the fetters of Heaven; I am held by the hand of Heaven, and must become a priest!'

"It was not likely that the father of the beautiful Geneviève should favor their loves. He was therefore extremely glad when he found that the handsome young *clerc* had taken orders, and received him in the most friendly manner when he came to the castle to beg that he would assist at his first mass. The favor was immediately granted, with a promise that his godmother, the lady Naour, should be the first to put an offering into the plate.

"But on the day when Ivan was to say his first mass, there was a sad confusion in the church; he began it well enough, but faltered in the middle of it, and burst into a violent flood of tears, so that his book was as if water had flowed over it. A sudden cry was heard in the church, and a girl with her hair dishevelled, and with frantic gestures, rushed up the aisle, in sight of every one, and throwing herself on her knees at the feet of the young priest, cried out:

"'In the name of Heaven, stop! You have killed me!'

"When they lifted her from the pavement, where Ivan Flécher had fallen in a fit, the beautiful Geneviève was dead.

"Ivan, who had sacrificed his love to the prayers of his mother, recovered after a time, and rose in the church; but he never smiled again; and the only recreation he ever allowed himself was, to wander about the gardens of the castle, where, unknown to her parents, he had been formerly, before he went to Quimper to study, in the habit of seeing the young lady of Naour. He passed most of his time when disengaged from his duties, in praying on her tomb. Some years afterward, he was found one morning lying there dead, embracing the stone which covered her remains.

"A ballad relating the history of these unfortunate lovers was composed in Breton, and is still popular, both in Tréguier and in Cornwall, and those who have heard it, do not doubt that the specters occasionally seen among the ruins of the Castle of Rustéfan, are those of Ivan and Geneviève."

I passed some hours of a beautiful moonlight night, after listening to this legend, in the scene of the tragedy, but, except the lustrous eyes of a large gray owl, nothing startled me in the deep shadows of the towers; and, except the sighing of the breeze, no sound disturbed the solitude.

BLIND BIGOTRY.

The establishment of the Royal Society was opposed because it was asserted that "experimental philosophy was subversive of the Christian faith," and the readers of D'Israeli will remember the telescope and microscope were stigmatized as "atheistical inventions which perverted our organ of sight, and made every thing appear in a false light." What ridicule and incredulity, what persevering opposition greeted Jenner when he commenced the practice of vaccination! So late as 1806 the Anti-Vaccination Society denounced the discovery as "the cruel, despotic tyranny of forcing cow-pox misery on the innocent babes of the poor—a gross violation of religion, morality, law, and humanity." Learned men gravely printed statements that vaccinated children became "ox-faced," that abscesses broke out to "indicate sprouting horns," that the countenance was gradually "transmuted into the visage of a cow, the voice into the bellowing of bulls"—that the character underwent "strange mutations from quadripedan sympathy. The influence of religion was called in to strengthen the prejudices of ignorance, and the operation was denounced from the pulpit as "diabolical," as a "tempting of God's providence, and therefore a heinous crime," as "an invention of Satan," a "daring and profane violation of our holy religion," a "wresting out of the hands of the Almighty the divine dispensation of providence, and its abettors were charged with sorcery and atheism." When fanners were first introduced to assist in winnowing corn from the chaff by producing artificial currents of air, it was argued that "winds were raised by God alone, and it was irreligious in man to attempt to raise wind for himself and by efforts of his own." One Scottish clergyman actually refused the holy communion to those of his parishioners who thus irreverently raised the "devil's wind." Few of the readers of "Old Mortality" will forget honest Mause Headrigg's indignation when it was proposed that her "son Cuddie should work in the barn wi' a new-fangled machine for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence, by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheeling hill." A route has just been successfully opened by Panama between the Atlantic and Pacific. In 1588 a priest named Acosta wrote respecting a proposal then made for this very undertaking, that it was his opinion that "*human power should not be allowed to cut through the strong and impenetrable bounds which God has put between the two oceans, of mountains and iron rocks, which can stand the fury of the raging seas.* And, if it were possible, it would appear to *me very just that we should fear the vengeance of Heaven for attempting to improve that which the Creator in his almighty will and providence has* ordained from the creation of the world." When forks were first introduced into England, some preachers denounced their use "as an insult on Providence, not to touch our meat with our fingers." Many worthy people had great scruples about the emancipation of the negroes, because they were the descendants of Ham, on whom the curse of perpetual slavery had been pronounced. Many others plead against the measure for the emancipation of the Jews, that the bill is a direct attempt to contravert the will and word of God, and to revoke his sentence on the chosen but rebellious people.—*Scottish Review.*

THE MISSING COLLECTOR.—Albert S. Ely, the missing collector of the town of Stockbridge, Madison County, an account of whose mysterious disappearance a few weeks ago was published by us at the time, has not been found, and his present whereabouts is enveloped in doubt and mystery.

We learn that a clairvoyant at Oriskany Falls was consulted, who stated that Mr. E. had been murdered, and his body at first concealed in a hollow stump, near a lime-kiln in the vicinity of Oriskany Falls; that the body was subsequently removed, and secreted under a pile of stones—the location of which was minutely described. So great was the confidence in the statements that a number of persons made search and found the stump precisely as indicated by their informer, and also found where the stones had been, but learned that the stones had recently been removed and placed in the lime-kiln. A further consultation was had with the clairvoyant, who stated that the body of the missing man was now in the kiln. Preparations were being made to remove the stone from the kiln which had not been burned; the owner of the kiln, it is said, making objections to the removal, a justice of the peace of the town was applied to for a warrant, but the magistrate did not deem the proofs sufficient to authorize the issuing of one.

Thus the matter rests; whether the stones have been subsequently removed from the kiln we are not informed.

We are indebted to the Oneida *Telegraph* for the above particulars.

DREAMING TO SOME PURPOSE.—The *Highland Eagle,* published in Westchester County, N. Y., relates a curious story, which if it were not vouched for by a newspaper of "undoubted veracity," would test to the utmost the credulity of our readers.

Mr. George F. Sherman, of Cold Spring, lost a pocket-book containing about $372 in bank bills, and a number of drafts, notes, and valuable papers. He communicated the fact to Mr. Dykeman, the deputy sheriff of Putnam County. Mr. Dykeman dreamed on the following night that the money was in the possession of George McNary, a clerk in the store of Messrs. H. & E. Polton, that a part of it was fastened in the inner lining of his vest, and a part in the crown of his cap, and that among the bills was a $10 note on the Putnam County Bank. For the purpose of gratifying the suspicion excited in Mr. Dykeman's mind by the dream, McNary was subsequently arrested, and $323, with the $10 note among them, were found in the places indicated. McNary confessed that he had found the wallet, and burned its contents, with the exception of the package of bills, and intended to leave the place with his spoils. He afterward made his escape from the officers, and was not again arrested.—*Spiritual Universe.*

A FISHERMAN, engaged the other day at Dunkirk, hauling his trout nets, says the *Oswego Times,* "was surprised to discover an inhabitant of water fastened to them, weighing about two pounds, covered with feathers, with small webbed feet at the extremities, a feather instead of a finny tail, and a head much resembling the teal duck. This apparent amalgamation of the fish and fowl was taken at the depth of seventy-two feet of water."

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